

K3-6 THE
TUNER³

Messieurs et Mes Dames



Habitu Temporis hujus habet. OVID.

Take the Picture of the Time as it goes.

L O N D O N :

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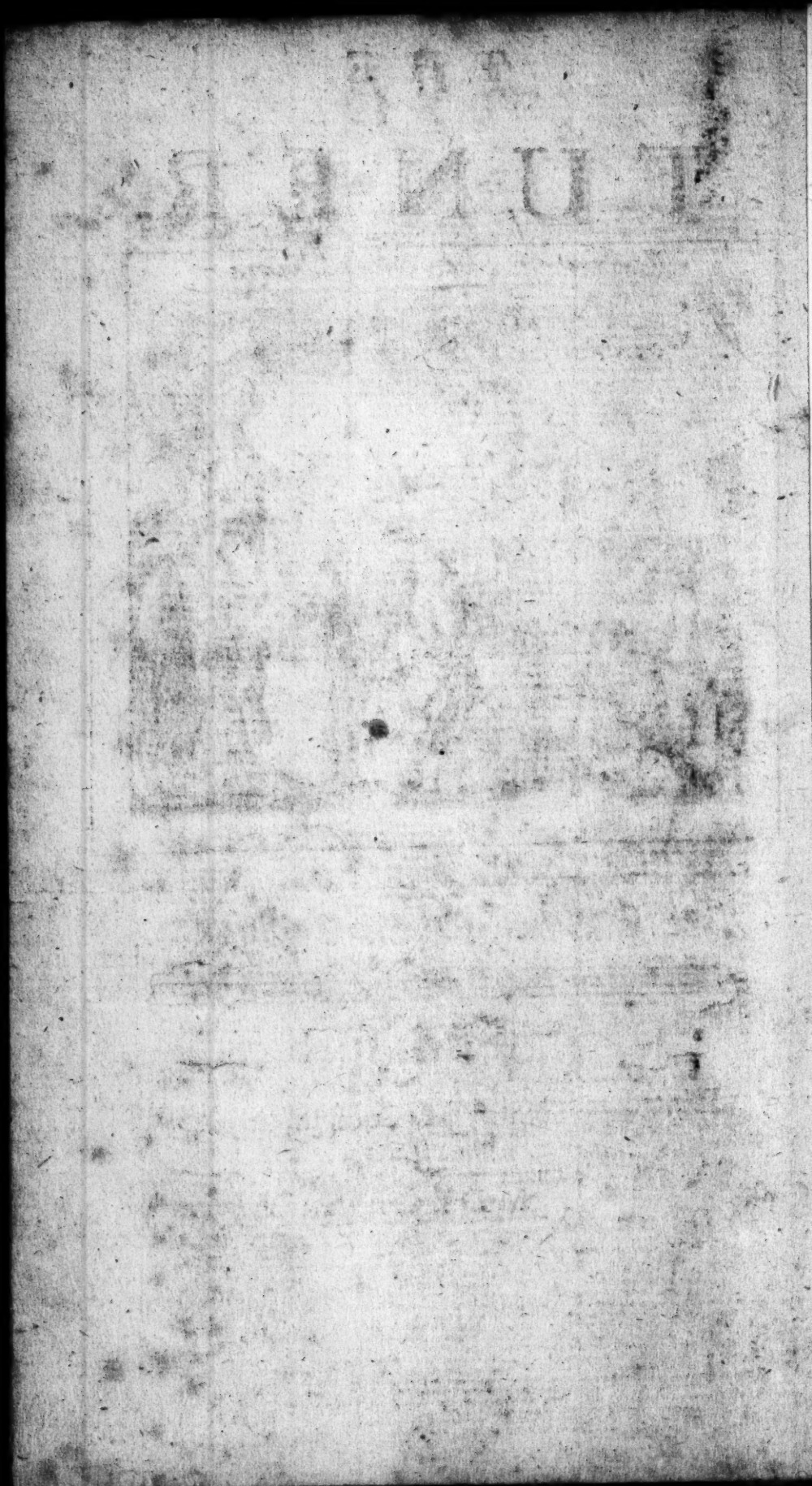
M D C C L I V .

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THE

P R E F A C E.

ONE of the greatest Difficulties for a Writer now, is to find out a *new* Title.

THE TUNER I think is not an improper One, from the general Vogue it is in.

If a Man gain his Point, He is said to have finely *tuned* the Person solicited.

If He raise Merit with due Encomiums; or depress Ignorance

and Impudence with virtuous *Satyr*, He is justly called a rare TUNER: which insinuates, that He can *tune* his Folks up and down, every Note in the Gamut.

Hence obviously appears the Propriety of our Frontispiece; where (true Emblem of keen-stomach'd Genius) raised above the Crowd a blithe SAVOYARD plays upon his Instrument. This must certainly be allow'd to be a very happy Invention, in as much as He, and most of his itinerant Countrymen live by *tuning*.

A bigotted classical Gentleman wou'd have preferr'd *Apollo*, his Lyre, and the Sisterhood; but the chosen Figure here is more to the Purpose, and derives its
Origin

P R E F A C E. v

Origin from as high a Mountain,
as ever *Apollo* trod on.

The listening Groupe, Representative of Society, are pleas'd or dissatisfied, according as his Music tickles, or grates their Ears; and like Effects no Doubt this Undertaking will produce in the Minds of our Readers.

The Spreading Dulness of the Times provokes the Exertion of Criticism in all its Rigour.

Men of Letters owe as strict an Allegiance to *Taste*, as subjects in general do to their Prince; the latter are in Duty bound, to repel all Invasion against Him: the former are not less so, to extirpate the rank Weeds of *Dulness* that over-run the Walks of *Taste*; still observing the following Rules:

1. While

vi P R E F A C E.

1. While you censure the Writings, be ever cautious to spare the Man — unless He be *publicly* offensive.

2. Let not Dislike, nor Enmity make you to detract from any Man's Merit; nor Friendship prostitute Praise, where undeserved.

3. In Praise, as well as Censure, observe a philosophic Medium; so that their Enemies shall think the censured too mildly treated: and their Friends the praised too faintly applauded.

These Rules I lay down to others, I propose to follow myself; and invite to a reciprocal Use of *that Liberty* against my Writings, which I shall take with those of others.

I shall

P R E F A C E. vii

I shall kiss the corrective Rod with Alacrity, from a thorough Conviction, that no other Method, but the enforcing of critical Execution, can restore long forgotten Elegance, and revive almost expiring Taste.

I enlist Myself in the Service, not periodically engaged, but an occasional Volunteer — Dulness is my Game. In the Pursuit I shall molest no unoffending, useful Member of Society; but on the Select of those, who declining to be such, dishonour Arts, and Sciences, stern Satyr by my Side, shall cry, spare not, but *impress* the vindictive Stains of Ink.

Who knows but the *epidemic* Frenzy of *Scribbling*, may be as effectually cured, as is the Madness

ness

ness caus'd by the *Tarantula*, by properly adapted *Tunes*.

Whatever the Success may be, the Undertaking is certainly *Patriotic*; and to all Lovers of their Country, must appear highly deserving of Ministerial Encouragement.

T O

TO
EUGENIUS.

YOU'LL perhaps, Sir, be as much surpriz'd at the unexpected Receipt of a Letter from me; as you must have been, at my very long, nay, almost unpardonable Silence, in absolute Violation of a Promise made to you at Parting: I plead guilty; but hope, by future Diligence, to recover the Esteem and Friendship of a Gentleman I revere, and that Indolence had very near depriv'd me of.

At my first Arrival here in the Beginning of Winter, I met with universal Discontent, Murmuring, and Outcry against the *Jew-Bill*.

B

Prosa

Profess'd Disbelievers ranfack'd the Bible for Passages to oppose it ; and Patriots not worth one Shilling, were prodigiously alarm'd, and almost mutinied against this (as they call'd it) Invasion of *British Property*.

All the weak suffering Advocates in Behalf of the Bill could say, was " It " is foretold, that some Time or other " the *Jews* are to be converted to the " *Christian Religion*; and who knows " but this may be the appointed *Æra*." " Worse and worse cried the Opponents ; for, inasmuch as that Period " is to be soon follow'd by the End of " the World, shou'd we not, terrified, " figure to ourselves, in every crimson " Cloud, the Angel of Dissolution ; and " start as if we heard the Trumpet's " last dreadful Summons ? Should such " anti-constitutional Doctrine prevail, " who wou'd purchase ? Who wou'd " put Money into the Funds ? Who " wou'd."—Nay, it was whisper'd, that startled by this Prediction, one of the Managers of *Drury-Lane* was about selling his Share of the Patent : And that the celebrated Sorcerer of *Covent-Garden* was

was ready to dispose of his Hell, Devils, and all, to the best Bidder.

But now, to the great Joy of the pious Laity, and lower Class of the Clergy, who (as usual) were zealous in an inverse Proportion to the Modicity of their Income, the Bill is repeal'd; and if you please to believe it, this Operation has been effected (as some say) by a Redescent of the cloven Tongues, and on the *mitred Heads* of this Land!

Another Cause of violent Clamour is the *Marriage Act*; which, to use Miss NOTABLE's Words, is damnable, heretical, and *Jacobite*.

Damnable — because it impedes, and procrastinates the first great Precept “*Encrease and multiply*” — Which (with downcast Looks and blushing) she says her tender Sex was design'd to be the Theatre of.

Heretical — It is an Abomination imported from *Popish* Countries; and even there inforc'd by the Help of imprisoning Convents. Barbarous Infringement of the *Magna Charta* of Nature!

Jacobite — consequential to *Popery*; because Mothers denied the Use of *Freedom* will rear up their Sons in *slavish*

Notions, and so prepare them for the Yoke of arbitrary Power.

“ That shall never be my Case ” replies *Miss Morelove*, “ no He, ever so titled, or ever so rich, shall rule over my Person, unless He be first enthron’d in my Heart— They may invalidate Ceremonies, it is true, till we be of a certain Age ; but thank God, they can’t hinder us from taking each other’s Word. *Wilful against wise ;* and so — a Fig for the Law.”

In Compliance to many female Petitions from several Parts of this Kingdom, the Act’s being in Force, is said to be deferr’d to *April 1755* ; which Suspension meets with the universal Approbation of the Unmarried of both Sexes.

Those two important Subjects have been amplified, and most minutely discussed by Writers *for* and *against* ; whose Zeal is adequate to their Employer’s Pay ; and to whom the Constitution appears rais’d to Glory, or sunk in Infamy, according to the Sale of their *disinterested* Papers.

A Propos of *Writers*, I believe there were never so many Papers publish’d, and never so little of what may be call’d good Writing

Writing to be met with; and this every Paper has complain'd of at its first setting out, as I do now, who perhaps may be an additional Proof of the Degeneracy of Writing; if you think so, I shall offend no more.

What Embryo Essays on misconceiv'd Subjects! What straining after unnatural Expression! How gigantic in Words, but Emmets in Thought; how turgid in Diction, meer Blanks in Sense!

The *Scourge* has long since lash'd Himself to Sleep and Oblivion.

The angry *Protester* roar'd Himself into a strangling Hoarseness — so — his Mouth was stopt!

Worlds excentric from Wit, Spirit, and Strength, frequently contribute to the Obscurity of our Atmosphere; when any appears concentric to Taste and Elegance, the Word of the Day is, that "it" is Lord *Such-a-one's*, or Sir *Something* "Somebody's;" Many assert, that they had heard Him read it in Manuscript; But whenever a *World* not well form'd displeases — O—h for that they are sure it is the reputed Author's; who, in Return to such popular Prejudice and Ingratitude, shou'd with Captain *Driver* say,

say ; “ so I get Money, let the *World*
“ fell, and be *damn'd*.”

The *Adventurer* often travels to the East, and thence returns richly freighted ; He seems to be in the most general Esteem, but sometimes inclines to a *Nap*. On the first of *January* (ominous Beginning of the new Year) He *fell* dangerously ill of a *verminous Fever* ; but has since given repeated Signs of Recovery ; and I wish, in Return for the Pleasure He has often given me, He may never relapse that Way.—

Charles Ranger has an Air of Vivacity and Humour, but is deem'd too partial in his Favours.

The many of less, or rather no Fame, I bound over, in order to take a View of the shameless *Revolutioner* of the Pen ; who dies to one Title, revegetates to another ; for *Polypus*-like bruise, hack, mutilate, turn Inside out, do what you will with Him, the Reptile still crawls in putrid, stagnating Matter, and inhales at best but ambiguous Existence.

Then, Sir, there are Magazines that discharge on the Town a monthly Collection of sickly Poetry, vile Humour, and dull Essays.

The

The Epidemic Frenzy of Memoir-writing seems to be somewhat abated.

A recent *Under-Flight* of *hebdomadal Essayists*, to give at the same Time, a Proof of their *Invention* and *Modesty*, write under the Titles of *Spectator*, *Tatler*, &c. Wou'd it not be as ridiculous to see Pigmies tug, labour, and sweat under the Armour of deceased Heroes?

The mentioning these two celebrated Works gives Rise to this melancholy Reflection. How precipitate the Fall in Productions of Genius, has been in the short Space from *Addison*, *Steel*, &c. to us. Most of our now writing Smarts wou'd scarce have been admitted as Hearers to Them. May not a Stranger having studied their Works ere his Arrival in *England*, and who reads the now crude Productions, with Reason exclaim: "Alas, I seek for *London* in *London*!" — But thank Heaven, national Infamy of this Kind is but temporary; for such Heads as are now worn by the meer bodily living Scribes (who indeed may retort, that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion) write much, think little, are less read, and unregistered in the Temple of Memory.

Wou'd

Wou'd you were here to laugh with Me at the self-sufficient Air with which one of those Gentlemen enters a Coffee-house. Observe, it is not the Fashion now, as was formerly, with Authors to desire to be unknown ; or whenever it transpired, that it should happen thro' the indiscreet Zeal of a Friend ; and that to the Author's real, or affected Uneasiness. I confess, there is more plain Dealing and Frankness in the present Practice. The un-enquired after *Compiler* of any Paper, impatient to be known, thrusts Himself upon you ; tells aloud He is the *Writer-Man* ; nay, modestly subscribes his Name to it in Print, " to leave no Loop to hang a Doubt on." — But to return from the Digression — On his Entrance He looks around with a superior Air of Benevolence on the human Species ; nods to this Acquaintance, chuckles with that, claps his Hands ; which is as much as to say—" Approach ye dull Rogues, let your frigid Intellects be irradiated by the bright Emanations of my Brain. Do not all my Lucubrations tend to *instruct* and entertain you?" — He might (not improperly) be asked where hast Thou learn'd

learn'd to acquit Thee of the former ; and has kind Nature given Thee Powers for the latter?—Uph—I am nauseated beyond all Bearing—— They are the most stupid, yet pert Groupe of Beings I have known, or read of ; and can be equall'd by no other, but the present unthinking, uninform'd Mob of Things, call'd *Critics*. To summ up all ; now alas is the Race of Ignorance and Impudence: sure our ill-fated Time has been marked out for the Expiation of the Crimes of our fore-fathers, and we to be the unhappy Sufferers.

From such disagreeable Effects, let us turn aside, and trace their Cause ; which, on Examination, is two-fold: 1. The *Booksellers* ; 2. *Profess'd Patrons*.

To begin with the *Booksellers*—Literary Works are not now, Productions of *Genius* ; but bargain'd for Labour at so much *per Sheet* ; for which Reason the Bulk of our present Authors excels in no Article so much as in that of *eking out* a Work, which must stigmatize us to all tasteful and ingenious Posterity.

Formerly, a spirited Pocket Volume on a Subject was judg'd a laudable Effort, and sometimes an Insurer of Fame :

C

But

But the more fertile Heads of modern Days shall spin you out six, seven, or eight Volumes, on a Subject, that, properly executed, should not exceed the Limits of an Eighteen-penny Pamphlet. Yet such rhapsodical Lumber finds extravagant Admirers cased in specious and plausible Appearances. But even from Them, the implicitly condemning Character of the Work is—"It is, it must be own'd, long, tedious, minutely, nay triflingly circumstantial, full of Repetitions; and that on every Occasion, the Author says all He knows" — "Says all He knows! —" tell the Panegyrist, that is the certain Way to tire and harass the Reader; and moreover, that such debilitating Pages must introduce an unfinewy, detach'd, flattern Manner of *thinking*, and *writing*, wherever encouraged. His Answer is, "True Sir, but in the Whole, there are *three* or *four* Chapters worth reading" — Shou'd any more have been printed in *Respect* for the *Public*, and in Regard to an *Author's Reputation*? — "*Reputation*" replies a sneering *Publisher*, "*Reputation* is a Bubble that none but College

“ lege Gudgeons are fond of; *Money* is
 “ the Thing, the PARNASSUS, and the
 “ APOLO. *Reputation* is an idle ridi-
 “ culous Notion imbibed at *Universi-*
 “ *ties.*”

One of this Employment (sent as I
 suppose, by some Droll of my Acquain-
 tance) visited Me the other Day. After
 a few reverential Bows; “ Sir (said He)
 “ I have something advantageous to pro-
 “ pose to you,” I thank’d Him—“ I am
 “ a *Publisher*” (at the Word I smiled,
 and guess’d his Business) “ I have been
 “ credibly inform’d that you have a good
 “ Knack at Writing; now I intend to
 “ publish a new weekly Paper, in which
 “ if you, Sir, wou’d please to be con-
 “ cern’d”—On what Subjects chiefly” ?
 replied I—“ On any you may think pro-
 “ per; but the most recommendatory of
 “ the Paper wou’d be to always have
 “ a Lick at the *Ministry*.—What, whe-
 “ ther they be in the *right* or in the
 “ *wrong*? In the *right*” smartly twitted
 the facetious *Bibliopol* “ Why, Sir, that
 “ is a *Solecism* against the invariable
 “ Sense of our Company; accotding to
 “ which, the *Ministry* ever has been,
 “ now is, and always must be in the
 “ *wrong.*”

" *wrong.*" — I modestly requested He
 wou'd inform me of the Facts — " Your
 " Pardon there Sir (quoth He) every
 " Man to his Sphere; mine is to pay my
 " Writers; 'tis their's to find Abuse.

" There is another Article, Sir; I
 " have been instructed also, that you
 " understand the Languages: there is
 " Money to be got by *Translations* —
 " Alas, Sir (answer'd I) I fear your
 " Notions of *translating*, and mine
 " widely differ. To *translate* well, one
 " shou'd have always RosCOMMON's
 " Precept in View:"

Chuse an Author as you'd chuse a Friend.

" Or as a *Mistress* in the warmer, tho'
 " perhaps not altogether so just Sense
 " of the ingenious Author of *Transla-*
 " *tion*, a Poem. A good *Translation*
 " can be perform'd but by a *Similarity*
 " of *Genius*, a thorough Knowledge of
 " the two Languages, and of the Sub-
 " ject treated on. A sufficient Time
 " must be allow'd for polishing the *Tran-*
 " *slation*, that is, to give to it, without
 " trespassing against the chosen Author's
 " Sense,

" Sense, an unconstrained, free, and
 " original Air."

While I was thus launching out, I
 perceiv'd in my Solicitor's Countenance,
 a Mixture of Astonishment, and Com-
 passion, who, no longer able to contain
 Himself, thus interrupted Me. " Those
 " twenty Years that I have been in the
 " Business, I never heard such Language
 " before. Why, Sir, the only Merit,
 " *Similarity of Genius*, or whatever
 " hard Word you please to call it by,
 " that I, or my Brother Booksellers and
 " Publishers require in a *Translator*, is
 " to dispatch the *Job* as fast as ever He
 " can. We procure him Dictionaries,
 " and all Helps of that Kind. Some-
 " times there are three or four *Transla-*
 " *tions* of the same Work carrying on,
 " and as many Presses a going; in which
 " Case, let me tell you, Sir, that to us
 " the best *Similarity of Genius* appears
 " to be in Him who brings the Fruit of
 " his hired Labour first to Market. The
 " Judges of Elegance, of Merit, are
 " now-a-days so few, and ignorant Rea-
 " ders so numerous, that, write on, Vo-
 " lume upon Volume, no Matter what,
 " ought to be the Maxim of every Gen-
 " tleman

“ a Gentleman who intends to get by his
 “ *Genius* —— I can quote many Ex-
 “ amples ;” but he stopt his intended
 Enumeration, on observing, I shook my
 Head at the Remonstrance, took up his
 Hat, ask’d Pardon for the Intrusion, and
 added, that he fear’d he had taken up as
 much of my Time, as mis-employ’d of
 his own — so ended that singular Inter-
 view —

The other productive Cause of the
 scribbling Fry is *profess’d Patrons*, who
 are commonly more of the *Wou’d-be* than
 of the *true Genius* Class. Like sickly
 Suns they excite a Swarm of Insects to
 hum around Them. Superior Merit in
 those of lower Fortune is offensive ; equal
 disagreeable to Them. They love as war-
 tonly to dispense their tiny Rays on infe-
 rior Talents, as they delight to see them
 thence meanly and fawningly reflected —
 so their Patronage is a round-about studied
 Indulgence of Self-Love. Hence has the
 Stage been dishonoured by some *Trage-*
dies without Sentiment, Dignity, or Pa-
 thos ; some *Comedies* without Wit, Hu-
 mour, or Elegance ; for whose Exhibi-
 tion, not the Managers, but Those by
 whom they were obtruded on Them,
 ought

ought to be censured. Let true *Mæcenas* arise, *Virgils* shall ne'er be wanting.

A third Cause of the Discouragement of good Writers, not less hurtful than the two preceding, is, when an Author wants to dispose of a Work, his *Genius*, and not a previous Agreement inspired Him to execute—His first Care is to enquire after the best *Wit-mart*, that is, who gives most Money for a Copy——Thither He repairs, is coldly receiv'd by the boasted Purchaser, He had conceiv'd such an high Idea of; who desires him to leave the Performance, that He may shew it to a Friend, whose Judgment He relies on. This Friend is commonly a dependant *Hackney Penman*, who dissuades his Employer, apprehensive that every Copy-Fee, disables him by so much for the Payment of his next flimsy Progeny——The Answers He furnishes to his Patron are, the Style is quaint (that is ingenious) not suited to the prevailing Taste, which delights in the Simplicity of Nature (that is, Dulness and Prolixity) moreover, it does not hit the present Times, and nothing sells but what nicks the different Seasons——

This

This Tag of fine Reasons is concluded with a " I am very sorry, Sir, your Piece is so circumstanced, that I cannot offer any thing for it worthy of your Acceptance." Thus disappointed, the Author's last Resource is to publish it on his own Account, that is to his certain Loss, if He be as yet of no Eminence, and unpatronized; the only Remedy left is to publish Puffs Himself in behalf of his neglected Works in some of the Daily Papers; but then each dear *Self-Puff* costs a solid *Half-Crown*—how great are the Inducement to become an Author!

I shall say but a few Words relative to the Theatres, but intend to dwell a little longer on some of the late published Works, that are in your Walk of reading.

In Homage to Majesty, let the KING's THEATRE in the *Hay-Market* take the Lead, where the foreign Representations of *NERONE*, a Medley; *ENRICO*, the Story of *Tancrede* and *Sigismunda*: and *Didone Abandonnata*, complain that neither the Receipts nor Applause have been violent.

Burlettas

Burlettas (*Italian* musical Absurdities) at *Covent-Garden* have pleas'd, and chiefly thro' the Performance of one Actress. She plays off with inexhaustible Spirits all muscular Evolutions of the Face and Brows; while in her Eye wantons a studied Archness, and pleasing Malignity. Her Voice has Strength and Scope sufficient; has neither too much of the feminine, nor an Inclining to the male. Her gestures are ever varying; her Transitions quick and easy. Some over-nice Critics, forgetting, or not knowing the Meaning of the Word *Burletta*, cry that her Manner is *outrè*. Wou'd she not be faulty were it otherwise? The Thing chargeable to her is (perhaps) too great a Luxuriance of comic Tricks; which (an austere Cenfor wou'd say) border on unlaced Lasciviousness, and extravagant Petulance of Action.

An Objection has been started, whether it be a proper Night's Entertainment on *one* of the but *two English* patentee'd Theatres; to the Detriment of exhibiting the old, or introducing new Plays. Might not a *French* Company, with as much Propriety, (as certainly with more rational Entertainment and Instruction)

tion) perform on *Drury-Lane Stage*? It seems a moot Point—The Friends to the other House say, That if old Plays, or Players do not, cannot, or will not draw — and that the new Plays do not promise vigorously, Self-preservation is a powerful Argument. In short, let those concerned for and against, squabble about it, I shall not.

Ere I quit *Covent-Garden*, let me give you a Sketch of the Tragedy-Hero there, Mr. BARRY—He has great Power, and oft-times, Torrent-like, bears upon us with happy Bursts of Nature. In deep Distress, he has a Heart-searching Break in his Voice, even to a Melody; and not unlike the Murmuring of the Wood quest.

On *Drury-Lane Theatre* foremost shines Mr. GARRICK—his Voice is pleasing; his Eye piercing, and expressive: his Features are disciplin'd, and his gestures spirited.

Take Notice----I venture to judge but of the living; the celebrated of former Times, as well as the Authorities of those who approv'd of them I revere: The future I know nothing of, therefore leave it to others of superior Penetration

to pronounce on those they have not known, nor shall know —

Of the Ladies on either Stage, what shall I say? Nothing, lest seeming to incline for any I shou'd draw on me the Dislike of the rest; and I am too much their devoted Servant to demerit so disagreeable a Situation.

The Theatrical Comet Mr. FOOTE.

That Soul of Pleasure, and that Life of Whim,

has re-appear'd on our Dramatic Horizon this Winter, has run his *Buck* on the Town with Success: spoke a Prologue of Self-dissection, which had the desired Effect. He has been greatly applauded in *Fondle-Wife*, &c. but his cold Tea, new warm'd, had lost its Relish, and that thro' the Impropriety of Time, Place, and Action.

Mr. *Macklin*, whom you esteem in *Shylock*, and other Parts, at his departing Benefit from the Stage, spoke a Farewel Prologue to the Town, to inform us of his new Scheme; the oracular Sense of which was, that we shall form a better Judgment of it, when we see it, than from any thing he cou'd then tell us —

To him, quoth *Hamlet*, "O *Jephtha*,
 "what a Treasure hast thou, an only
 "Daughter" — "still harping on my
 "Daughter" replied this Son of *Moses*,
 but, pray observe, uncircumcised "Well,
 "well, I bequeath her to the Stage,"
 "under thy Tuition" Which Bequest
 is the more agreeable to all Lovers of the
Drama, as from a Concurrence of Re-
 quisites natural, and acquired, she pro-
 mises to figure amongst the foremost Ac-
 tresses that now adorn the *British*
 Scene.

Among the late Productions of Ge-
 nius, let the *public-virtued*, moral Au-
 thor, who wrote on the Subject, that
 must have been one of the first Cares of
 Man, to wit, *Agriculture*, head our Ca-
 talogue — read it with the following
 Precautions — 1. Forget the *Georgics* —
 2. Grant the *English* Poet the *Postulatum*
 in his Preface, which on the whole of
 the Work you can't refuse him; then
 read it, and praise the Attempt.

The *Parody* on the *Elegy in a Country*
Church-Yard, must displease all who
 esteem the Original, as much as you and
 I do.

There

There has been lately published, *De animi Imortalitate Poema*, a Poem on the Immortality of the Soul. Such a Subject's being treated of in *Latin Verse*, must violently help to propagate the Doctrine amongst the Generality of Readers.

The POET, a Poem dedicated to the *Rhimers*, I fancy will please you (it really does me) for the Turn in the Dedication; and the Manner in which the Poem is executed. I cou'd, and wou'd say a great deal more in its Behalf, but wave it; lest from my very intimate Connection with the Author, I should be accus'd of Partiality: therefore leave its Merit to be decided by those only, who have a proper Reverence for the sacred Name of *Poet*.

Saturday, the first Day of *December*, was honour'd in the Morning by the Publication of Mr. HOGARTH's *Analysis of Beauty*; and concluded in the Evening, by the first Representation of *BOADICIA*, by Mr. *Glover*: but let us give Precedence according to the Order of Time.

Tho' the ingenious Mr. HOGARTH enjoy the formidable Talent of laughing with his Pencil, and gibbetting in Colours;

lours; some have been bold, (nay, allow me the Expression) Fool-hardy enough to speak, and publicly threaten to write depreciatingly of his Work.

The Upshot of their Cry is, that He has taught the Artists nothing *new*; for that before his Book, they all *knew*, and *practised* the *Line of Beauty*.

But with their Leave to *Practice* and to *know* are very different Things. Many in the mechanic Arts, as Turners, &c. are mechanically taught to execute an elegant Piece of Workmanship, and where the *Line of Beauty* prevails. That it is beautiful the Workman, the Purchaser feels; why They are pleased they know not. This valuable Secret Mr. HOGARTH teaches Them; and therefore deserves their grateful Acknowledgments.

He does not, to Me, seem to design so much the Instruction of Painters and Sculptors; but rather to diffuse thro' Society a Knowledge of the *Line of Beauty*: guided by whose Principles We may judge with our own Eyes, of what is beautiful, or what is not so, in Arts, Dress, Furniture, Movements of the Body, and every other Occurrence.

If the modern Artists (I mean Painters and Sculptors) have hitherto known, and made a churlish Secret of *the Line of Beauty*: Mr. HOGARTH has certainly the Merit of Unhousing, and making it a public Property, applicable to all the Uses of Life.

In regard to Elegance and Taste, *The Line of Beauty* may be look'd on as great a Hit-off, as *Electricity* in Natural Philosophy. Thro' Time they have both existed; been felt by, nay, reason'd about by many: but until Our (in these articles) more fortunate Days, had never been ascertained. Is not the learn'd and polite World indebted to the happy Ascertainers? Undoubtedly—but generous Minds only can be obliged.

The Brother-Artists now forming Themselves into an *Academy*, complain of his treating all, or some of Them with Contempt. Perhaps there has been too great a Shew of that on both Sides.

Collective Bodies, as Universities, Faculties, Academies, have been but too often blameable for a profess'd Enmity against Those attempting any thing *new*; and that thro' a bigotted Subjection to go on in the old Dog-Trot-Way. On Reflection;

tion; in Comparison with others, how few are the original Works by College-Professors, and other Retailers of the Rules of Genius?

It cannot, on one Hand, be denied, that such Societies have been of great Service, when a Spirit of Enquiry, Sincerity, and Candour animated the Body; and that their actuating Principle has been to call forth Merit in others, and make it conspicuous: their Country's Emolument and Fame, the Goal to which their joint Labours tended. Then such a warm Communication of Ideas and Judgments, might be call'd the glowing Mint of the polite Arts; and in such a State *Academies* deserve all Manner of Encouragement, as They greatly shorten the Road to Perfection.

But, on the other Hand, when a littleness of Soul contracts the Heart; and jealousy cankers in the Brain of the Directors; They pervert such Bodies into private Cabals, make them the Tools of particular Envy; and thence suffer as far as they can spread their baneful Influence none to be admitted Members; but Men of implicit Faith, Non-resistance,

ance, and Passive Obedience to their infallible Decrees: in order thereby to privately depreciate, or embolden'd by Numbers, openly hunt down All, whose rising, Rival, or superior Merit, They look a-squint at.

Such a Corruption of *academic* Bodies has ever been a greater Foe to *Genius*, than *Ignorance*. The *latter* has it's good Nature as yet unsophisticated by half-Learning; and thro' an innate Desire in Man of judging, admires where it ought not: but is ready to give up, and praise where it shou'd, when convincingly directed. The *former* thro' a methodical, prejudging, settled, and unalterable Malice, condemns where it ought to approve; and for no other Reason but because it is such a Man's Performance.

No Degeneracy of this Kind can ever be fear'd in *England*; If in its growing Years, the Successors of the now infant *Academy* inherit, with many other Gifts, the Sincerity, Communicativeness, and Modesty of its worthy Founders: Who, it is hoped, by well digested and prudent Institutions, will prevent all Possibility of future Partiality. Some among them in their respective Arts for master-

ly and creative Execution are second to none existing ; nor, if hitherto excited by proper Encouragement, wou'd have been surpass'd by many of the deceased.

Since the Publication of the *Analysis of Beauty*, the Virtuosi here are split into two Classes, the *Academists* and the *Hogarthians*.

The violent Advocates of the former embrace every Opportunity of being smart, on the new *Seclary*, as they call Him. Foremost of Whom bellows *Scaber*, " was ever any Thing so absurd
 " as the Design of his Prints, or more
 " confus'd and chaotic than his References. I have not Patience when I
 " think on the *Caricaturist's* Confidence
 " — very like, indeed, that a Man
 " shall demonstrate the *Line of Beauty*,
 " who on his setting out loses Sight of
 " Order. Who can bear his gothic
 " Invention of *R, L — T, B*, alluding
 " no doubt to his pretty Country Dance ;
 " give Hands, Right and Left, brisk
 " it away from Top to Bottom".

PORUS, who with Spectacles on Nose had been fumbling some Time with one of the Prints, swears he can't find

find what he wants — “ why don’t the
 “ numerical Figures follow ? to use the
 “ authoritative Gentleman’s Words, this
 “ is leading the Eye a wanton Kind of
 “ Chace, with a Witness”.

I am very sorry there is Room for
 these Objections ; nor less for the Ex-
 ceptions some anatomical Misinformati-
 ons are liable to : all which might have
 been as easily obviated, as they can in
 nowise hurt the main Drift, and essen-
 tial Worth of the Performance.

I apprehend more Danger to Mr.
Hogarth from the following Passage,
 (p. 97.) “ There is a Sort of Needle-
 “ Work, called *Irish Stitch*, done in
 “ those Shades only, which pleases still,
 “ tho’ it has long been out of Fashion”
 — “ I appeal to You, Mr. *Hogarth*, if
 “ it be not very hard that what still
 “ pleases shou’d be out of Fashion ; has
 “ not this been the fallen State of your
 “ Line of Beauty ? And as You now ge-
 “ nerously labour to revive the One,
 “ pray forward the other. Let not the
 “ irascible Natives of *Ireland*, look on
 “ this, as an invidious Hint of Yours,
 “ to out their genial Importation from
 “ the Circle of *British* Exigences”.

Ere I quit Mr. *Hogarth*, let me observe to You the Affinity of his Doctrine to the Rules of the Stage. In every perfect *Drama* the *Line of Beauty* must prevail; that is the *Design* of the Piece more or less developed from the Beginning to the Catastrophe, must wave thro' every Scene, thro' every Act, and not be hurried on in a *strait Line*. His Principles will appear illustrated in every perfect Production for the Theatre — to wit — FITNESS, VARIETY, UNIFORMITY, SIMPLICITY, INTRICACY, QUANTITY.

FITNESS — is the proper Choice of a Subject for the Stage.

VARIETY — Each Scene shou'd be varied, and be a separate under-Action (not under-Plot) to each Act; and each Act should be a distinct subaltern Action to the more general one of the Play. Another essential Article of *Variety*, is that each Character's Sentiments, and Diction be suited.

UNIFORMITY — takes in the three Unities of *Time*, *Place*, and *Action*; to accomplish which, all the under Actions,

tions, like so many converging Lines, must tend to one common Center.

SIMPLICITY — is the happy cementing of Parts together as in the Face of Nature, where *Uniformity* results from the under-Colours melting into one Predominant, and *Variety* from that *Uniformity*'s almost imperceptibly breaking into the Nuances of the neighbouring Colours, that yet seem one to an incurious and undissecting Eye.

INTRICACY — is the artful managing of the Plot, which includes the Difficulty to be overcome; and hence the Event happy, or unhappy: which is known in the critical World by the Terms *Nœud* and *Denouement*.

QUANTITY — here means that the Subject chosen must furnish true *Dramatic Matter* for *five Acts*. How rarely met with! Unsentimental, wordy, descriptive, languid, narrative, tedious Dialogues for the Size of *ten Acts* declamatory School-Boys may write. From a bad Choice on this Head more Plays have miscarried than from Failures in all the former.

How extensively the *Line of Beauty* and its *Principles* are applicable to the
Arts

Arts polite and useful, cannot fail of entertaining You with ingenious Amusement, as often as you meditate thereon.

Often, dear *Eugenius*, very often this winter, I have with Indignation heard the Rules of the *Drama* impeach'd for the Mildness of *BOADICIA*; of the Piece in general I mean: for she sins in an opposite extreme. On reading it, You must have remark'd, that there are but the very meanest of the Rules observ'd, to wit, the Unity of Place; and the never leaving the Stage vacant: and they even in a very strained Way are kept up to.

Inasmuch as most People, (not excepting the Bulk of *Critics*) who talk of *Dramatic Rules* have but a very confus'd Notion thereof, and seem totally ignorant of the *Rationale* of Them; I intend Some Time or other, with your assistance, to attempt rendering them more obvious and intelligible to every Capacity, than they have hitherto been: but for the present confine myself to take a cursory View of *BOADICIA*.

Act first—The first Scene is too Pompous; after which there is a falling off, and Languor thro' every Scene of the Play.

Play.—*Ænobarbus*, one of the roman Captives, very inurbanely, and provokingly compliments *BOADICIA* with the title of *Savage*, and frequently with that of *Barbarian*. Was it consistent with one of her perturbed spirit to bear such Abuse, and not retort it by some instant Act of Violence?—The Cause of her Resentment comes not before the Audience, to whom she disrecommends Herself by acting outrageously against *Innocence*, and ungratefully to her *Daughter's Preservers*.

—(P. 9.) ‘ But Fear of me compell’d Them * to release her’——the * *Romans* who had lash’d her.

This Line and all her Vociferation in the first Scene, is meer Gasconade extravagance, and rather Madness than the dignified Anger of a Queen. The Picture of *Boadicia's* being lash’d, is theatrically indelicate, though historically true. The Charge at the End of the first Act is well, was admirably spoken; but wou’d still be better, if shorter.

Act II. Is weak and Episodic—mild *Flaminius* is brought on to be abus’d by the unmannerly *Ænobarbus*; who may be look’d on as a Tragedy *Nol-Bluff*,
and

and the other as a kind of harmless *Roman Wittol*.

Though the blustering *Ænobarbus* bravely scorns to think of *Life* while he sees no hope of escaping *Death*; abuses *Flaminius* for the natural Desire of *living*; yet is he reconciled to a meer Possibility of being sav'd, as well as to his Friend, to whom He says (*p. 18.*) 'now I commend Thee.' In this and in the following act by Fits, (to the audience unprepared) they give Proofs of exquisite-sharp-sightedness, in seeing and distinguishing more than mortals ought, without the Help of Glasses.

The placid *Flaminius*' pretty pastoral Description of a Vale, (*p. 19.*) in his situation, is as Phlegmatic, as a Dutchman's calmly eating his Bread and Butter in a storm, when he ought to mount the shrouds, and labour to prevent the imminent Danger, Himself is as much exposed to, as any.

The Author perceiving the Romans' Conversation to be too uninteresting to be continued longer, calls in the mad Woman to fright Them off the stage—hear the trembling *Flaminius* (*p. 19.*)
—— 'stand from before this Tempest,
while

while it passes.'—— *Scene II. p. 22*—
consistently with her Character why
does not *Boadicia* take advantage of
Dumnorix's Absence; and command
her *Icenians* to put the Romans to
Death, whose Blood she so rancorously
thirsted for in the preceding Act? they
are, though thro' the Necessity of the
Piece, preserv'd at the Expence of Pro-
bability, and Circumstance.——

Scene III. Tender *Venusia* is as much
abus'd here by the boisterous *Boadicia*,
as gentle *Flaminius* has been by the
swaggerer *Ænobarbus*. Were this a co-
mic subject, as Comedies must end
happy, I would propose a Match be-
twixt *Ænobarbus* and *Boadicia*; and if
Dumnorix were to be slain in Battle,
Venusia should chuse *Flaminius* for her
second Husband. From the former Cou-
ple we might with Reason hope an un-
polish'd Progeny of Bucks and Bloods.

P. 24. — *Boadicia's* Prayer (here and
in p. 11.) is wicked, and merits all the
Misfortunes it entails on Her—She gone
off:—the two Romans, like children
that had been hiding, and now freed
from their Fear, come forth——(p. 24.)

F

The

‘ The Gods confound it’ tho’ spoken by a Roman, I apprehend to be a sheer english Phrase—here again, by a sudden and vigorous Exertion of the optic Faculty, they see and describe the March of the Roman Army.

Act III. Scene I. After a little of his usual Abuse to FLAMINIUS, and Cant-Resignation to his Fate, He fears He can’t avoid, *Ænobarbus*, as if on the Instant transported, sees the victorious Romans; these sudden Illuminations of the Eye may be pretty, but to cool Reflection appear somewhat odd.

Flaminius, (p. 29.) ‘ Whence this Despair ?

‘ A blind Confusion fills the spacious Camp.

‘ Already Consternation hath dispers’d

‘ Our Guard,’ &c.——

We are but Lodgers, let us make our Escape; off they go: one from his Mistress, the other from the Fear of Death, strict observers of their Parole of Honour.

Enter

Enter defeated *Dumnorix* with a standard in his Hand, which he sticks on the stage, for no other obvious use, thro' the rest of the Play, but to serve as a sign of the forlorn Hope.

Dumnorix's Reproach to the Gods of *Partiality* is not over polite

(p. 29.) ' Thou hard-kept Remnant of
our shatter'd Fortune,
' Stand there before the *partial* Eye of
heav'n,
' Which has preferr'd the Romans' *splendid* Altars
' To the *plain* *Virtue* of a British
Heart.'

This is some-what-a-kin to the impious Line of *Lucan*,

' *Victrix Causa Deis placuit, sed victa*
Catoni,'

But He immediately asks Heav'n's Pardon, on Recollection that He ought to be virtuous, as Hero of the Play.
Scene III. Venusia comes to comfort her Lord, *Scene IV.*— In figures *Boadicia*

Brim-full of Brutality and Railing. (*p. 34.*) The 'Furies thund'ring at *Andate's* Heels,' is an out of the Way Expression, but *Rage* is not bound to *Correctness*; *Andate's* Divinity the Public was not sufficiently acquainted with.—With the *third Act* Ends all shadow of Action; what follows, is flat Despondency, and Dismay.

Act IV. Dumnorix by Solitary Walks attunes Himself to Melancholy, in order to prepare him to speak to his Wife on the serious subject of *Dying*: He insinuates the Necessity of it to her; at first She seems startled at the Request, but gives Room to hope that however disagreeable the Pill be at present, when gilded by his persuasive Eloquence she may gulp it down — At the End of this very long and *Still-Life* Scene, the Attention of Auditors and Readers must be jaded. (*p. 44.*) What End the News from *Boadicia* was to serve appears not. (*p. 46.*) *Dumnorix* seems inclin'd to make a desperate Attempt, but we hear no more of it.

Act V. p. 49. The *Icenians* bringing on the Bowl of Poison without spilling the

the Contents, proves Him to have been a very Steady-handed Man. Can any modern *Icenian* do as much?

P. 54. Until *Flaminius* re-appear a Roman Leader, is it not unaccountable that from the Beginning of the third Act, where we lose Sight of Him; nor *Dumnorix*, nor *Boadicia*, nor any other Person, enquires after, or makes any Mention of the Escape of Him, and of his late Fellow-Captive, now Fellow-Leader *Ænobarbus*.—

Page 58. And all that follows between *Dumnorix* and *Venusia* is truly affecting—(p. 66.) the Roman's funeral Applause of *Dumnorix* is excrescential; by which the Play ends awkwardly—what think you *Eugenius* of these two Lines

* Then art Thou fall'n at last thou
mighty Tow'r,
* And more than Roman Edifice of
glory?"

Flaminius' Plan for a Monument to be rais'd to *Dumnorix*, I refer for Approbation

probation to our Eminent Sculptor Mr. *Roubillac*.

There is no Plot in the Play, it having neither *Noeud*, nor *Denouement*. *Dumnorix* being a Name of the Author's Invention, is faulty, by Reason of the *M. Litera mugiens* the lowing Letter of the Latins closing the first syllable, which sinks it—His Character, if any, is very imperfect; any Person can command while there are Hopes to conquer: but to Squat under Misfortune, and make no glorious Effort to shew the great Man Struggling with his Adverse Fate, denoteth not the Heroe.

Boadicia is a Monster well deserving what she suffers; therefore is neither an Object of *Terror*, or *Compassion*: but of *Detestation*. She deserts us in the third Act.

Tender-Hearted *Venusia* is introduc'd to be whined to Death. The Briton, like the Indians, wou'd not have his Wife survive Him. Why might not she have escap'd to *Caledonia*, who by the Quality of Mother wou'd be more careful of her Children than any other? why might not *Dumnorix* repair thither as well as *Tenantius*, thro' *Flaminius'* Friend.

Friendship?— Nothing shou'd be done in Tragedy, much less *die*, without an insuperable Necessity; to die otherwise is to die gratis.

The two Romans are Inconsistencies, and of very little Use in the Play but to first cause an unnatural Quarrel, then to watch the general's Tent when He is gone to Battle; and form a Scheme to run away with the first Opportunity—wou'd not a scene or two between *Flaminius* and *Emmeline*, and Alarms thence arising, have added to the Business of the Play, and have made it hang less heavy on the Audience?

There is Scarce any Sentiment, throughout; no moral to be deduced; for those who compare the Discord in this Play to that in the *Iliad*, betray a most contemptible and gross Ignorance of the *Latter*, and even of the Arguments to each Book of the english Translation.

I shall not trouble You, *Eugenius*, with any particular Remarks on the Diction, which in general, I think, favours more of the level, languid, and under-epic, than of the vigorous marrowy tragic style.

The

The *Epilogue* is the Backside of the Tapestry of the Author's Figure, drawn thereon at full Length in the *Prologue*.

Never was Author more oblig'd to Performers, they acted to the full Amount of his Meaning; the Matter often fail'd Mr. *Garrick's* continued and vigorous Exertion.

When the Author makes himself Master of the mechanic Business of the Stage, it is in his Power to please—By all Accounts he is a good-hearted well-meaning Man, and therefore can relish Nature in her simplest Preparations; but when He informs Himself of the vitiated Palates of the Generality of Play-House Audiences, He must either renounce their Market, or learn to diversify, and give a higher Gout to his Dishes.

The Town has been lately entertain'd in a singular Manner by a new Tragedy call'd *Philoclea*, taken from *Sidney's Arcadia*, on which subject *Shirley* had long since publish'd a pastoral Drama——

This

This new Piece is an Outlaw from all the Rules of Criticism; the Unities of Time, Place, and Action are unobserved; Plot, Moral, Verisimilitude, or even Probability unknown: many Scenes bid Defiance to Possibility. The Author seems to be one of those uncommon Geniuses (as Mr. *Johnson* in the *Rehearsal* says) 'that scorn to imitate Nature, but are given altogether to *elevate* and *surprize*'.

The chief Personages enacting are two violent Heroes in Love; and two tender Heroines mutually enflamed, that thereby form a double Tragedy Rain-Bow; of the Rain of Tears, and Sun-shine of Smiles, all thro' — the under Characters are King *Nicodemus* of the Woods; two female Monsters, the one of offensive Lust, the other of unprovok'd and shocking Barbarity — Shepherds, Messengers, &c. in Abundance.

It is a Romance crush'd together without Choice, unconnected, and full of *Excidents*, not *Incidents*. MUSIDORUS and PAMELA, are Duplicates to PYROCLES and PHILOCLEA, which lengthen by so much the Play, with Repetition of the same dull nauseous Tale of Love, stirr'd up now and then by a Bounce and a Cracker — many Persons come on we know not why, and disappear we know not wherefore —

G

How

How far the Author is obliged to *Sidney*, I leave to You to inform me, *He being a Favourite of yours*, I never having read his Works — I need not sketch out to You the many obvious Glancings to other Plays that frequently occur here ; therefore decline it, as I have a more curious Discovery to impart to You, which must equally surprize You, and every Reader — I have by me an old Manuscript, written by an University Lad, for a *Wager*, in Imitation of the Stile of *NAT: LEE*.

The Title Page on the Top is torn off ; the remaining Part appears thus.

T R A G E D Y

BY THE GHOST OF *NAT: LEE*.

*It out-Herods, Herod's self,
Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.*

SHAKESPEAR.

Whether the Author of *Philoclea* has ever seen it or not, I cannot assert ; but striking is the Similarity in many Places.

Phil. P. 1. The Cause is Love ; for which great
Love himself
Hath oft transform'd Him to some borrow'd Shape :

Love whole Force.
The Gods have not resisted may plead for me.

Shirley's Arcadia, P. 63.

P. 7. And bear her off, tho' *Death* himself oppos'd
me.

To vulgar Understandings, *Death* commonly puts a Stop to all Atchievements however heroic.

P. 8. — is the Scene of a Garden, *Philoclea* is discovered sleeping in an Arbour; *Pyrocles* coming, &c. it is not unlike to the Scene in the *Revenge*, where *Leonora* is discovered sleeping, and *Alonzo* sees her, and steals a Kiss.

P. 9. O! 'tis as *Water* to a fev'rish Man;

'Tis, as t'extinguish You'd throw Oil on Fire.

Manusc.

P. 10. For *Love* and *Death* are here synonymous.

Synonymous is a pretty Expression, and shews the Lady to be *classical*.

P. 11. Presumptuous as I am, I wou'd not dare
Direct my Eye to the meridian *Sun*,
Were I not, like the *Eagle*, truly bred,
Of royal Race, undazzled at the Blaze.

The *Eagle* only dares to view the *Sun*,
With stedfast Looks, and an undazzled Eye.
Ev'n so with us, none of the vulgar Sort

Shou'd e'er attempt to fix their Eyes on Kings ;
The *Suns* of Earth, and *God-Heads* of the World.

Manusc.

P. 11. O! that thou now could'st look into my
Heart!

There shou'd'st thou see thy precious self, inshrin'd
Within the *Center*, near the *Spring* of Life,
Like some fair Form inclos'd within a Gem
Of lucid Agate or transparent Amber,
And nought, but Ruin, can efface thy Image.

Thy Image circulates in ev'ry Vein,
But makes its Crimson Frame of my fond Heart ;
And there inshrin'd, as if in Agate set,
Will glowing live, till Death shall blot it out.

Manusc.

P. 12. It is an Oracle *forsooth* ; a mean
Device ! contriv'd by some designing Priest
Corrupted, to abuse his sacred Trust.
I will destroy that Nest of holy Cheats,
Whose Forg'ries contradict the Voice of Nature.

Shall I consent t'obey the idle Prate
Of Priests and Oracles that thwart my Love ?
Priests are a knavish, corrupt Race of Men,
Yet Nature's Dictates dare to contradict.

Manusc.

P. 12. My first Exploit shall be to root *them* *
out * the Priests.

I'll lead a *potent* Army into *Delpbos*,
And when I've *raz'd* the Temple to the Ground,
I'll *build* another to the God of Love.

It

It wou'd be easier (the Priests of *Apollo* turn'd out) to introduce those of *Cupid*; and as to their Saints they have done at *Rome* with the *Pagan* Temples, so consecrate this to the *God of Love*. It wou'd save a great deal of Time, and Expencc in the throwing down of the *old* Temple, and building a *new* one——
Poets are seldom Oeconomists.

P. 15. That only *Falsehood* can my *Truth* approve.

This is a Love-Paradox.

P. 17. O for a Flight of *Cupid's* now, whose Wings,
Expanded o'er Us, might eclipse the Sun,
Making an artificial Night for Love!

Come Harlot, *Venus*, Queen of loose Desires,
And let a Flight of *Cupids* hover o'er Us,
To skreen Us from my Husband's jealous Eye.

Manuscript.

This Invocation in *Philoclea*, as well as in the *Manuscript*, is made with great *Propriety* in the Middle of a Wood, where on every Side, close Walks, and friendly Shades, invited Them to a safe Retreat; under whose kind Protection They might repeatedly celebrate their amorous *Rendezvous*, ere the *Cupids* cou'd hurry to their Assistance, did they fly as fast as Letter-Carrier Pidgeons.

P. 21. I'm much beholden for your royal Favours.

This Phrase from a *Prince* to a *King*, is an Instance of the easy familiar Style, as are also the two following Lines.

P. 22. You know my Worth, and *who*, and *what* I am,
Nor need I speak it — Will you grant my Suit ?

Methinks I reign in *pastoral Magnificence* !
is of the very pretty Kind of Writing.

P. 25. [Pyrocles kneels.] — I summon all,
The Pow'rs presiding o'er connubial Rites.
Hymen thou God of ever *chaste* Desires!
Bright *Cytherea* ! and Thou God of Love!
Celestial Graces ! Heaven born Concord ! hear ;
And thou great *Thunder-Bearer Jove* ! look down,
Be thou the Witness of my holy Vow !

Cytherea is seldom invoc'd where the God of *chaste* Desires is an invited Guest ; but when accompanied by her Son *Cupid*, she is always on some naughty Scheme — 'Tis the Business of the *Graces* to attend the beloved Lady — *Heaven-born* Concord is a *propos* enough call'd on here — but why is *Jove* invoc'd as the great *Thunder-Bearer* — this is quite contrary to the Doctrine of *Politz-Skinkfus*, the first *Polish* Author of any Elegance — who in his *Latin* Treatise on the Pedigree of *Pagan* Gods,

Gods, and their Deportment at all public Festivals, represents *Jupiter* when invoc'd or invited to Marriages in his Holy-day Cloaths, a *Nosgay* in his Hand: for had he *Thunder* there, it wou'd scare the Lovers out of their Wits.

Why *Juno*, who particularly presides over *Wedlock* is forgotten here, may seem strange to all acquainted with poetical History, of which our Author has made a very lavish Use — perhaps there is more Merit in this *Oblivion* than at first appears — It is notorious, that *Jupiter* and *Juno* did not live well together, therefore it was not proper to bring Them Face to Face lest a scolding Match shou'd ensue, and spoil the Feast — for *entre nous*, *Jupiter* wou'd go abroad; *Juno* was jealous to an extreme: and was in vulgar Phrase a very *Brim*. What pity 'tis, that the greater Part of connubiated *Dames* follow their *Patroness* so closely — Pray do You not admire the Author's Art here, as also the latent Instruction? To wit, that the Father of Gods, and Queen of Heaven, like meer modern Man and Wife, were never better Company than when asunder.

P. 26. A *Soul* compos'd of Majesty!

I'd be glad to see one of that Composition; for I have hitherto ignorantly thought Majesty

jefty to be one of the *corporeal* Appen-
dages.

P. 32. For me, the *Measure* of my joy runs o'er—

This is low, and indelicate for so refin'd a
young Princess as *Philoclea*.

P. 33. 'Tis *Nature's* self that *sings*, for here she
reigns.

And keeps her Court in primitive simplicity
Majestically grand.

No Doubt this is very fine, if One cou'd
but know the Meaning of it, in plain En-
glish.

P. 34. King ——— Hence with Digression,
And tell Me strait the Cause of this Uproar.
If thou but add'st *one* useless Word to thy——
Narration, Slave, that word shall be thy last.

Thyrfis in obedience, adds about six useless
Lines, and goes off unpunish'd——

P. 34. King ——— “ Slave, where wert Thou?
“ Where were the Shepherds?”

They were all out of the Way, it seems.

P. 34. ——— Where was all the Forest?

Where

Where it us'd to be, every Tree fast by the
Roots.

KING.

P. 35. Yes, 'twas your Feasting forth — I never
I knew 'twould come to this.

This is in the genuine style of domestic Re-
buke, between Husband and Wife, when
Miss has made a *faux Pas*.

P. 38. *Pyrocles* in Chains ——— O that
My hands were free, to strike him to the Earth.
————— If thou art
A Man, I challenge Thee to single Combat.
Speak, I defy Thee, base ungen'rous Man!
Thou foul Disgrace of ev'ry martial Glory!
I challenge Thee to free me from those Chains —
Put but a sword into my conqu'ring Hand,
With that I'll hurl thee headlong 'mongst the
dead.

Manusc.

P. 39. Thou shalt repent of this! — Inhuman
Monster!
I'll make thee rue it. Yes, this shackled Arm
Shall, one Day, burst these ignominious Bonds,
And level to the Earth thy Pride-sworn Crest.

Inhuman Monster! — shackled tho' I be,
I'll burst those chains, and start up to the Spheres.

H

Snatch

Snatch flaming Bolts from *Jove's* red thund'ring
Hand,
And down to Hell as with hard Snow-balls pelt
Thee. *Manusc.*

P. 43. I wish, my Lord, I'd known of this
before.

This Line is in Imitation of

————— O Mr. *Moore*,
I wish I had known of your Tricks before.
Dragon of Wantley.

Philanax's Dissertation on *Fatality*, is a
Curiosity.

P. 44. You find there is a *visible* Necessity.

The Epithet here adds vigour to the Ar-
gument.

P. 46. If we for certain may depend upon him

Is one of the many hundred Lines, of the
like Energy and Elegance, in this Play.

P. 47. I've heard old bearded Sages, in the
Schools,
Say, *Love* enervated the human Heart.
'Tis false, they speak of what they never felt.

And had those Creatures,
Book-blinded Men that dream of other Worlds,
Tell of *Elysian* Blessings, known the joys

Are

Are in our Love; they wou'd have lost themselves
As I have done. *Shirley's Arcadia.*

P. 48. ——— *Philoclea!* sweetest Name,
That sounds like Music to my ravish'd Ears!

This recalls to my Memory the words of
an old french song——

*Non, non, non,
Il n'y a pas de si beau Nom,
Que celui de mon NANNON!*

P. 48. When my Heart fed on her ambrosial
smiles.

A Heart feeding on ambrosial smiles is truly
Arcadian, and akin to

Thou'lt some soft Message, sure, if come from
Her;
Let my Eyes feast upon it.

P. 49. Coud'st thou but set me free, and then
procure
Me but a sword, I wou'd release them both.——
There's not a soul within these Walls shou'd live.

Drawcanfir kill'd but Bodies, *Pyrocles* is
for killing Souls.——

' I'd slay them all'——
O brave!——Or perish in the attempt.

—What a falling off?

P. 49. The Unoffending Maid *Eugenie* is taken off to be executed, for the better carrying on of the Plot, the Marvellous I mean.

P. 50. I cou'd surmount *Impossibilities*
To save my *Philoclea*.

This is to be admir'd, not imitated.

—With the melting Eloquence of Love
I'd soften Flint in *Philoclea's* Cause.

Since so sure of it's Energy, it would be easier to soften a Heart however hard.

P. 52. But when the *Measure* of my Grief is full.

Poor *Philoclea's* Measure is either full, or o'er-flowing with one Thing or other.

P. 54. I've plac'd Thee in my Heart, and they shall dig
Deep to the Center, that wou'd pluck thee thence.

Center in general Terms implies that of the Earth, which is far distant from Hers, or any other Heart.

P. 55. I never thought that thou cou'd'st use me thus.

This Phrase from a young Lady to her Lover in private, is appropriated to a particular Provocation, and strongly insinuates——

O that

O that my Eyes were *Cataracts* of Tears,
That I might over-flow the *World* with Grief,
And drown my *Senses* in a Flood of *Woe*—

I incline to think her *Senses* wou'd be
drown'd, before the Submerſion of the *World*
cou'd be accompliſh'd.

————— Since *Phyllis* weeps,
And briny *Cataracts* glide down her Cheeks,
May fierce Convulſions tear the giddy *Globe*;
Yon azure *Roof* diſſolve in miſty ſhow'rs,
And groaning *Worlds* re-echo to her ſighs.

Manuſc.

P. 56. ————— Love, like mine
Is like a God *invincibly ſupreme*.

These are big-sounding Words, with little,
or no Meaning.

Yes, thou ſhalt *die*;— but I'll do greater ſtill,
I will *ſurvive* thee.

Indeed! prodigious Effort! This is as true
a *Gasconade* as ever was ſpoken.

P. 57. I'll *build* a Temple to Thee, where thou
fall'ſt;

This is the ſecond Temple he promiſes to
build.---- But ſuch Undertakings coſt nothing
to a great Mind.

And on thy *Altars* every *living ſoul*
Within this *Citadel*, with all their Kindred,

Their

Their aged Parents, and their tender Babes
Shall beed thy Victims.

Nothing less than *Soul-killing* can satisfy
Pyrocles.

————— then I'll slay myself —
Bravo ———

P. 58. Sooner I'd marry with *Hyrcean* Tygers,
For they are Monsters more humane than He.

This is the first Time I have met *Hyrcean*
Tygers, or any other of the celebrated
Monsters accus'd of *Humanity*.

P. 59. And yet if Heav'n had pleas'd, we shou'd
have been
Supremely happy.

I think *immensely* wou'd signify as much,
be prettier, and more in the *a-la-mode* Dia-
logue.

Burst, burst my Soul, and send forth all your
Plagues
At once to *fill*, and curse the guilty World.

Sing Tantera-rara, mad all.

P. 62. But I ne'er doubted there were Gods
till now.

'Tis greater Blasphemy to say there are
Such Beings, who, surrounded with Omnipotence,
Can behold Virtue butcher'd thus on Earth.

If

If distress'd Innocence, they don't relieve,
Damn all your Gods, for I no Gods will b'lieve.

Manusc.

But come *Tisiphone* with flaming Brands,
Kindled in *Phegethon's* infernal Blaze.

I believe it was not there that *Termagant*
Lady used to dip, to light her Link.

You'd think I wanted *Sensibility*, or bore
Affliction like a God.

Where there is no *Sensibility* there can be
no Affliction—*ergo*—

P. 63. The *Climax* of *Musidorus* surprising
the King is pleasant, and the more so when
to this Line of the Kings

I knew he was a Traitor, seize the Monster

You confront those of Page 46.

Such noble Gallantry appears in all
Thy Words and Thoughts as speaks Thee a fit
Minister

This Line is of the longest

For such a god-like Prince as *Musidorus*.

King *Credulous* believes every Thing. *Mu-*
sidorus says and unsays, tho' unsupported by
any corroborating Evidence; and alters his
Behaviour accordingly. There are in this and
the

the following Page, glaring Examples of the humble pathetic, and familiar, the first is in Imitation of

Sure never was so sad a King as I

TOM THUMB.

Sure there was never such a Wretch as I.

I observed how Mr. *Sparks*, with great Art,
thro' Fear of a Rebuff, murr'd, lullabied,
and swathed up this Line in his Handker-
chief.

P. 64. Then *Claius* too, who think you *Clains* is?

He can't like me, support a Load of Woe;
And Heaven knows its more than I can bear.

Wou'dst thou have given her to me *then*?

P. 65. Here am I lock'd within the gloomy
Vault,

And tho' I've call'd, and call'd till I am faint,
Their stony Hearts are senseless to my Cries.

I've roar'd aloud, and yet they hear me not;
I'll roar again, and burst this Vault asunder,
And peal my *Sorrows* in their Ears like Thunder.

Manusc.

————— I wou'd have scal'd
The Heavens, or forc'd the adamantin Gates
Of Hell, and struggled with resistless Fate.

I'd tow'ring swell into a second *Typhon*,
Grasp in each Hand, the far divided Poles,

Shake

Shake this light Frame, and dash the World to
Pieces.

Manusc.

Then tell me truly what is become of her ?

Is a sublime Instance of the strong Interro-
gatory.

P. 66. *Then* take and wash me o'er with burning
Nitre,
Wou'd not such Torture glut your Inhumanity,
Yet such were Ease to what my Heart feels now.

Invest my Body with a *Shirt* of Pitch,
Thus great *Alcides* burn'd --- thrust me to Flames,
'Twill be a Bed of Down to what I feel.

Manusc.

P. 66. I'd follow Thee to the profoundest Gulph
Of *Tartarus*, thro' Seas of liquid Fire,
So I might find my *Philoclea* there.

I'd follow on, did Hell's grim Monarch dare
For *Phyllireia* wage with me a War.
Tho' to his Realms He bore the beauteous Prey,
O'er Styx, thro' Phlegethon I'd swim my Way :
Vain shou'd He think there to enjoy her Charms,
I'd put out all his Fires, and snatch her from his
Arms.

Manusc.

P. 66. And on her Lips imprint one holy Kiss.

Farewel wou'd be a properer—Epithet—

P. 67. *Philoclea* comes on dress'd in White—
why ? to appear like a Ghost.

That is *Invention*.

P. 68. *Pyrocles* will not believe the palpable Evidence of *Feeling*.

Another new Stroke of Invention—see TOM THUMB, Act III. Scene II. King and Ghost.

P. 69. Contains the remarkable Story of harmless *Eugenia*, the Maid's being beheaded to terrify the young Princesses into a Compliance ; thus, there is a Boy of the same Age with the *Dauphin*, while in his younger Years, kept to be whipt for his Faults ; this seems somewhat hard—but knocking off a Head is really going too far, unless we had *Æsculapius'* Secret. (see *Le Clerc's* History of *Phyfic*) to put it on again — that indeed wou'd be the Surprise of Surprizes.

Page 69. O all ye Pow'rs who sit enthron'd above,
The starry *Concave* of the vaulted Sky.

The Gods are supposed to be above the *Convex*, and we *Mortals* are really under the *Concave* of the Sky — I'll say no more of the Play — but

To

To *tune't* in *Lilliputian* Score;

Such Sighing,
And Dying,
Such Billing,
And Killing,
Such Flashing,
And Dashing,
Such Heeling,
And Kneeling,
Such Rising,
Surprizing !
Such Falling,
And Bawling,
Such Attitudes,
And Flattitudes

Were ne'er exhibited before.

Flattitude, in Imitation of the *French* Word *Platitude*, is necessarily introduc'd here for the Rhime sake.

The juvenile Author among the Smarts (who are ever fond to laugh at Poets) is complimented with the Title of, *Rosignol d'Arcadie*.

The Prologue is *lean*, but the Epilogue *fat*, as the Phrase is. It tells the *British* Ladies, that all their Virtue consists in concealing their Vices; for that in Hearts and Practice, they are — Among others, the following Lines are remarkable;

I 2

Then

Then Oh ! restrain your Laughter, if you can,
 To think of placing Chastity in Man !
 Where was this grave romantic Poet born ?
 He's not an *Irishman* I dare be sworn.

Whether he be *Scotch*, or *Welch*, I can't say, tho' his Name intimates the latter ; but the Gentlemen of *Ireland* express an universal Dislike against this Indecency, to use the softest Term.

The Dedication is extraordinary, for in the short Chasm between the first and second Part of it, the Author learns more, than he had done for Years before.

The Verses from *Horace* prefixed as *Motto* to the Play, having a jocular Tendency, are misapplied to the Subject, nor indeed can they square to it in any Sense.

In the Representation Mr. *Barry* spared no Pains ; Miss *Nossiter*, and Mr. *Smith* strained hard — Mrs. *Bland*, as far as her Part expos'd itself, did it with Alacrity, but vanished abruptly in a Storm of Lust. Mrs. *Vincent* put as good a Face on wanton Barbarity as possible — And Mr. *Sparks*, who can do Justice to a more spirited Character, supported his *Arcadian* Kingship with becoming Equanimity.

Mr.

Mr. *Rich* stopp'd at no Expence as to the Dresses and Decoration, and relieving the Play's Duration to the utmost extent of *Managerian* Clemency. He has also the Merit of introducing a new Actress this Season, whose first Performance in the Character of *Hermione*, not only pleas'd, but, every Thing consider'd, was surprising.

It is reported; — That favourite Comedian Mr. *Woodward*, smitten with the violent, and not to be expected Events in *Philoclea*, thinks it a Pity it should escape being *pantomimed*—as then the unnatural Succession of Tricks wou'd be more defensible than in a Tragedy.

Nevertheless a Miscarriage in a first Performance (for what were *Corneille's* first Plays, &c.) shou'd not Discourage, but rather excite a *Genius* to make Himself better acquainted with Nature; to know the Stage, what Subjects are proper for it, and what not — But above all, ere He begin to write a Tragedy, He ought to peruse attentively, The REHEARSAL, by the Duke of *Buckingham*; The Art of sinking in Poetry, by MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS; and The Tragedy of Tragedies, or Life and Death of Tomb Thumb The Great, with the Annotations of H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS—If some of our wou'd-be Critics studied the same Works, it wou'd not be
amiss

amiss, inasmuch as it wou'd help to prevent their being so often guilty of shameful Applause — It is Time to have done with the Stage, therefore in Imitation of *Boileau's*

J'ai vu l'Agésilas, Helas——
J'ai vu l'Attila, Hola !

I've seen Boadicia—oh——
I've seen Philoclea—bah !

The *Essay on Deformity* is a whimsical Production, and may serve you by Way of comic (not farcical) Relaxation, after the more serious and elegant Instruction you must receive from the *Analysis of Beauty*.

The Coffee-House Politicians here seem entirely absorb'd in deep-brow'd Comparisons of the Parliaments of *Rouen*, and *Ireland*. The former contend for the *Disposal* of their own *Souls*; the latter struggle for the *laying out* of their own *Money*: Now, in your Judgment, which is the more essential Matter for Debate?

Are you not tir'd of Reading? I swear I am of Writing; and a sudden Fit of Yawning,

ing bids me be ware of Dulness — So —
farewel.

I am, your, &c.

THE T — R.

January 21st. 1754.

Aliusque, et idem.

Nasceris.

HOR.

This latin Device is tack'd here by Way of
learn'd Amusement, for the sagacious Set of
Mortals call'd *Decyphers*, to find out the
Application of it.

F I N I S.

1881

ing this one be ware of Duplicates

January 21st 1881

My dear Sir,
Hon.

This train Device is tick'd here by Wm. of
learn'd Amendment for the rights & of
Monsie call'd Duplicates to find out the
Application of it.

Yours truly
Wm. V. I. G.